1606/1818

THE AUTHOR.

A

FARCE.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

AND

COVENT-GARDEN.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

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M DCC LXXVIII.

1606/1818

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Governor CAPE.
Young CAPE.
SPRIGHTLY.
CADWALLADER.
Poet.
VAMP.
Printer's Devil.
ROBIN.

W O M E N.

Mrs. CADWALLADER,
Miſs ARABELLA.

THE

AUTHOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Governor Cape *and* Robin.

Gov. AND he believes me dead, Robin?

Rob. Moſt certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend?

Rob. Not a diſtant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news?

Rob. Calmly enough: When I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceaſed father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood; he replied, 'twas no more than he had long expected, charged me with his warmeſt acknowledgments to his concealed benefactor, thanked me for my care, ſighed, and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived ſince?

Rob. Poorly, but honeſtly: To his pen he owes all his ſubſiſtence. I am ſure my heart bleeds for him: Conſider, Sir, to what temptations you expoſe him.

Gov. The ſeverer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honeſt induſtry, the purchaſe of many perils, be laviſh'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five and twenty years after me? No, no, Robin; him, and a profuſion of debts, were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You lov'd her, Sir?

Gov. Fondly—nay, fooliſhly, or neceſſity had not compell'd me to ſeek for ſhelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours; and when George convinces me that he inherits my ſpirit, he ſhall ſhare my property, not elſe.

Rob. Conſider, Sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worſt you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day! learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market; nothing makes money here, Sir, but money; or ſome certain faſhionable qualities that you would not wiſh your ſon to poſſeſs.

Gov. Learning uſeleſs! Impoſſible!—Where are the Oxfords, the Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!—The word has loſt its uſe; a guinea ſubſcription at the requeſt of a lady, whoſe chamber-maid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up. Protection!—Why I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Iſlington turnpike in a month, than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in ſeven years.

Gov. And yet the preſs groans with their productions! How do they all exiſt?

Rob. In garrets, Sir; as, if you will ſtep to your ſon's apartment in the next ſtreet, you will ſee.

Gov. But what apology ſhall we make for the viſit?

Rob.—That you want the aid of his profeſſion; a well-penn'd addreſs now from the ſubjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the newſpapers.

Gov. Ave! is that part of his practice?—Well, lead on, Robin.

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Young Cape *with the* Printer's Devil.

Cape. Pr'ythee, go about thy buſineſs——— Vaniſh, dear Devil.

Devil. Maſter bid me not come without the proof; he ſays as how there are two other anſwers ready for the preſs, and if yours don't come out a Saturday 'twon't pay for the paper; but you are always ſo lazy: I have more plague with you——There's Mr. Guzzle, the tranſlator, never keeps me a minute—unleſs the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little ſooty, ſniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not ſufficient to be plagu'd with the ſtupidity of your abſurd maſter, but I muſt be peſter'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!———Marry, come up, I keep as good company as your worſhip every day in the year———There's Maſter Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two

volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio a coming out in numbers.

Cape. Hark'e, firrah, if you don't quit the room this inſtant, I'll ſhew you a ſhorter way into the ſtreet than the ſtairs.

Devil. I ſhall ſave you the trouble——Give me the French book that you took the ſtory from for the laſt Journal.

Cape. Take it—— [*Throws it at him.*

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances? that you——

Cape. You ſhall have a larger—— [*Exit* Devil. 'Sdeath! a pretty ſituation I am in! And are theſe the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expenſive——

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot; here's your week's pay for the newſpaper, five and five-pence; which, with the two and a penny maſter paſs'd his word for to Mrs. Suds your waſherwoman, makes the three half crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the ſtairs wants you; by the ſheepiſhneſs of his looks, and the ſhabbineſs of his dreſs, he's either a pick-pocket, or poet——Here, walk in, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the gentleman's at home. [*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name, I preſume, is Cape?

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon; you are a gentleman that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my caſe, in a word, is this; I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muſes, as you may ſee by their livery.

Cape. They have not diſcarded you, I hope?

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper ſervants, the booksellers, have.——I printed a collection of jeſts upon my own account, and they have ever ſince refus'd to employ me; you, Sir, I hear are in their graces. Now I have brought you, Sir, three imitations of Juvenal in proſe: Tully's oration for Milo, in blank verſe; two eſſays on the Britiſh herring-fiſhery, with a large collection of rebuſſes; which if you will diſpoſe of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, ſorry for your diſtreſs, but

I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuſe to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the compiling, or index way, that you wou'd intruſt to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at preſent to be uſeful to you; but if this trifle———

Poet. Sir, your ſervant. Shall I leave you any of my———

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An eſſay, or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient.——— [*Exit* Poet.

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed, from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace, his Mecænas; Martial, his Pliny. My protectors are Title-page, the publiſher; Vamp, the bookſeller; and Index, the printer. A moſt noble triumvirate; and the raſcals are as proſcriptive and arbitrary as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter Sprightly.

Spri. What! in ſoliloquy, George—reciting ſome of the pleaſantries, I ſuppoſe, in your new piece?

Cape. My diſpoſition has, at preſent, very little of the *vis comica*.

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that maſs of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhauſtible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the ſoft civility of Billingſgate, by a printer's prime miniſter, call'd a Devil.

Spri. I met the imp upon the ſtairs. But I thought theſe midwives to the muſes were the idolizers of you, their favourite ſons.

Cape. Our tyrants! Tom. Had I indeed a poſthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luſcious copper-plates, the ſlaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publiſh your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em! No, no, that will never do; there are ſecrets in all trades; our's is one great myſtery, but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at preſent.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to ſome other object?

Cape. That ſubject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you reſolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at preſent, two ſtrings to my bow: if my comedy ſucceeds, it buys me a commiſſion; if my miſtreſs, my Laura, proves kind, I am ſettled for life; but, if both my cords ſnap, —adieu to the quill, and welcome the muſket.

Spri. Heroically determined!——But à propos —how proceeds your honourable paſſion?

Cape. But ſlowly——I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a moſt potent enemy in her head: you know I am poor, and ſhe is prudent. With regard to her fortune, too, I believe her brother's conſent eſſentially neceſſary——But you promiſed to make me acquainted with him?

Spri. I expect him here every inſtant. He may, George, be uſeful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crouded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His ſiſter gave me a ſketch of him laſt ſummer.

Spri. A ſketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finiſhing.

Cape. Give me the out-lines?

Spri. He is a compound of contrarities; pride and meanneſs; folly and archneſs: at the ſame time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not ſcruple eating a fry'd ſauſage at the Mews-gate. There is a minuteneſs, now and then, in his deſcriptions, and ſome whimſical, unaccountable turns in his converſation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boaſt of his birth, compleat his character.

Cape. But how will a perſon of his pride and pedigree reliſh the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd——You are, George, tho' prodigiouſly learn'd and ingenious, an abſtracted being, odd and whimſical; the caſe with all you great geniuſes: you love the ſnug, the chimney-corner of life; and retire to this obſcure nook merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your ſervant——But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. Cadwallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet; and modeſtly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world, himſelf, to the neglect of his education——huſh! he's on the ſtairs——on with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and abſence.

Enter Vamp.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp!—Your commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a word, Master Cape, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon?

Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admirable theologist! he study'd it in Germany. If you should want such a thing, now, as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceas'd clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted originals.

Vamp. No, no; I don't deal in the sermon way now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a methodist; but I believe, Sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

Vamp. The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; Master Cape has been telling me——

Spri. He has! I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep council; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret: why, in the year fifteen, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a consumption, so it never came to a trial.

Spri. Indeed?

Vamp. Never——look here [*Shews the side of his head.*] crop'd close!——bare as a board!——and for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy. Oh! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, Sir, so positive a proof of your secrecy, that you may rely upon my communications.

Vamp. You will be safe——but, gadso! we

muſt mind buſineſs, tho'.—Here, Maſter Cape, you muſt provide me with three taking titles for theſe pamphlets; and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largeſt———

Cape. They ſhall be done.

Vamp. Do ſo, do ſo. Books are like women, Maſter Cape; to ſtrike they muſt be well-dreſs'd; fine feathers make fine birds: a good paper, an elegant type, a handſome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatiſe thro' three editions——Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin *ad anguem*, as they ſay: he would have turn'd you a fable of Dryden's, or an epiſtle of Pope's, into Latin verſe in a twinkling. Except Peter Haſty, the voyage-writer, he was as great a loſs to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Maſter Cape. I thought there was ſomething the matter by his not coming to our ſhop for a month or two: He was a pretty fellow!

Spri. Were you a great loſer by his death?

Vamp. I can't ſay——as he had taken to another courſe of living, his execution made a noiſe; it ſold me ſeven hundred of his tranſlations, beſides his laſt dying ſpeech and confeſſion; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his laſt moments: He was a pretty fellow!

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr. Vamp?

Vamp. Not at preſent; about the ſpring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what ſubject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; Maſter Cape knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light ſummer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Briſtol, and the other watering places: No bad commodity for the weſt-India trade neither.—Let 'em be novels, Maſter Cape.

Cape. You ſhall be certainly ſupply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not. Pray how does Index go on with your Journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time——but you have over-ſtock'd the market. Title-page and I had once lik'd to have engaged in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the eſſays; a pretty hiſtorian from Aber-

deen; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence; but, I don't know how, it drop'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any———

Vamp. No, thank you, Maſter Cape; in half a year's time, I have a grandſon of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-tree Coffee-houſe; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months, to underſtand trade and the funds; and then, I'll ſtart him———no, no, you have enough on your hands; ſtick to your buſineſs; and, d'ye hear! 'ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy; he was a pretty fellow!

[*Exit.*

Spri. And I'm ſure thou art a moſt extraordinary fellow! But pr'ythee, George, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a writer of ſermons?

Cape. You ſeem'd deſirous of being acquainted with our buſineſs, and I knew Old Vamp would let you more into the ſecret in five minutes than I could in as many hours. [*Knocking below, loud.*

Spri. Cape, to your poſt; here they are, i'faith, a coachful! Let's ſee, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, and your flame, the ſiſter, as I live!

[Cadwallader *within.*

Cad. Pray, by the bye, han't you a poet above?

[*Without.*] Higher up,

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your poets have ſuch anaverſion to middle floors——they are always to be found in the extremities; in garrets or cellars——

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. Cadwallader *and* Arabella.

Cad. Ah! Sprightly!

Spri. Huſh!

Cad. Hey! what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwiſting ſome knotty point; totally abſorb'd!

Cad. Gadſo! what! that's he! Beck, Bell, there he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a—— what's he about?———Hebrew?

Spri. Weaving the whole Æneid into a tragedy: I have been here this half hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Could not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake would not rouſe him.

Cad. He ſeems in a damn'd paſſion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas, nor prayers, nor tears, nor ſupplicating gods, ſhall ſave thee now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds! what the devil? who?

Cape.———*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, & pœnam ſceleraco ex ſanguine ſumit!*

Cad. Damn your palace! I wiſh I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thouſand pardons—Ladies, your moſt devoted—You will excuſe me, Sir; but, being juſt on the cataſtrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into ſome indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. Cadwallader is too great a genius himſelf not to allow for theſe intemperate ſallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye here! Mr. What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live deviliſh high; but perhaps you may chuſe that for exerciſe, hey! Sprightly! genius! Look'e here, Mr. Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, as fine talents!———but, between you and I, I had a damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod———he cou'd as ſoon pay the national debt as write his own name, and ſo was reſolv'd to make his ward no wiſer than himſelf, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye! Mr. Cadwallader, you don't do yourſelf juſtice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we muſt contradict you, we can't ſuffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. Cadwallader's literary acquiſitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?——no, no, it can't be, hey! tho', let me tell you, laſt winter, before I had the meaſles, I cou'd have made as good a ſpeech upon any ſubject, in Italian, French, German—but I am all unhing'd! all——Oh! Lord, Mr. Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child; this is a great poet—ah, but ſhe does not know what that is—a little fooliſh or ſo, but of a very good family—here, Becky, child, won't you aſk Mr. Cape to come and ſee you?

Mrs. Cad. As Dicky ſays, I ſhall be glad to ſee you at our houſe, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happineſs, Ma'am, to miſs ſo certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I ſay, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he ſay, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleaſure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm ſure that's more his goodneſs than

my deſert—But when you ben't better engag'd we ſhou'd be glad of your company of an evening to make one with our Dicky, Siſter Bell, and I, at whiſk and ſwabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, Cape! come and look at her grotto and ſhells, and ſee what ſhe has got——Well, he'll come, Beck—ecod, do, and ſhe'll come to the third night of your tragedy—Hey! won't you, Beck? ——Isn't ſhe a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do——Hey, Beck; he ſays you are as fine a woman as ever he——ecod, who knows but he may make a copy of verſes on you?——There, go, and have a little chat with her, talk any nonſenſe to her, no matter what; ſhe's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference——There, go, Beck——Well, Sprightly, hey! what! are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. Sprightly, that you have frequently lords, and viſcounts, and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I ſhould look upon it as a very particular favour, if you wou'd invite me at the ſame time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. Sprightly, I am of as ancient a family as the beſt of them; and people of faſhion ſhou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! ſhould not they ſo? When you have any lord, or baron; nay, egad, if it be but a baronet, or a member of parliament, I ſhould take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they muſt all have heard of the antiquity of your houſe.

Cad. Antiquity! hey!—Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil! how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! What ſignifies carrying ſuch a lumbering thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, Beck. Why, ſuppoſe we ſhould have any diſputes when we are abroad about precedence, how the devil ſhall we be able to ſettle it?—But you ſhall ſee it at home—Oh Becky, come hither, we will refer our diſpute to—

[*They go apart.*

Arab. Well, Sir, your friend has prevail'd; and you are acquainted with my brother; but what uſe you propoſe——

Cape. The pleaſure of a more frequen admiſſion to you.

Arab. That all!

Cape. Who knows but a ſtrict intimacy wth Mr. Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes?

Arab. A ſandy foundation! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obſcurity, or at leaſt uncertainty, of your birth will prove an unſurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck; zounds! you are ſo——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Conſider, we have but an inſtant. What project? What advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be aſham'd to receive ſuccour from a weak woman! Poetry is your profeſſion, you know; ſo that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a ſeaſon to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; aſk Mr. Cape.

Arab. To be ſerious, then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application muſt be made to his better part.

Cape. I underſtand you; plough with the heifer?

Arab. A delicate alluſion, on my word! But take this hint—Amongſt her paſſions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh, that is her foible?

Arab. One of them; againſt that fort you muſt plant your batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonſenſe man, and I won't agree to any ſuch thing: Why, what ſignifies a parliament-man? You make ſuch a rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a paſſion now, hold; let us reaſon the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the man an oaf? I won't reaſon, I hate reaſon, and ſo there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obſtinate, ecod perverſe. Hey, but my dear now, Becky, that's a good girl: Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will ſignify nothing.

Cape. Bleſs me! what's the matter, Madam?

—Sir, Mr. Cadwallader, you muſt have been to blame, no inconſiderable matter cou'd have ruffled the natural ſoftneſs of that tender and delicate mind.

Arb. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think; he want to ſend our little Dicky to ſchool, and make him parliament-man.

Cape. How old is maſter, Ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three years and a quarter, come Lady day.

Cape. The intention is rather early!

Cad. Hey! early? hold, hold; but Becky miſtakes the thing; egad I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, ſo you had.

Cad. Nay, pr'ythee, my dear—Mr. Sprightly, do, ſtop her mouth—Hold, hold; the matter, Mr. Cape, is—Have you ever ſeen my Dicky?

Cape. Never.

Cape. No! Hold, hold; egad he's a fine, ſenſible child; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but between you and I he has more ſenſe already than all her family put together. —Hey! Becky! is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a ſweet child!—Now, Mr. Cape, you muſt know I want to put little Dicky to ſchool; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, you; the great uſe of a ſchool is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances, that may hereafter be uſeful to them; for, between you and I, as to what they learn there does not ſignify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now, this is our diſpute, whether poor little Dicky (he's a ſweet boy) ſhall go to Mr. Quæ-Genius's at Edgware, and make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, the eldeſt ſon of the Earl of Frize; or to Dr. Ticklepitcher's at Barnet, to form a friendſhip with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the caſe; ſays I, Becky, my dear, who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genius's, but my Lord Knap may take ſuch a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be Earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament? Hey! Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Ticklepitcher's, who can tell but young Stocks, when

he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey!—Well, what's your opinion, Maſter Cape?

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the lady; money is the main article; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the aldermen too, you; ſo Dicky may be a member, and a fig for my lord. —Well, Becky, be quiet, he ſhall ſtick to Stocks.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, let'n; I was ſure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, huſh Becky.—Mr. Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then Becky and Bell ſhall ſtep and order the cook to toſs up a little nice —Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Aye, with all my heart. Well, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the poet—ecod, the man's well enough———your ſervant.

Cape. I am a little too much in diſhabille to offer your ladyſhip my hand to your coach.

Cad. Pſhaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here, you have company coming.

[*Exeunt* Mr. *and* Mrs. Cad. *and* Arab.

Enter Governor *and* Robin.

Cape. Ah, Maſter Robin!

Rob. Why, you have a great levee this morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay, Robin, there's no obſcuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, Sir; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours? But how can I be ſerviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable government; and, as you know the unſatisfied mind of man, no ſooner is one object poſſeſs'd, but another ſtarts up to———

Cape. A truce to moralizing! dear Robin, to the matter; I am a little buſy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is deſirous of a little honour,

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't underſtand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handſome complimentary addreſs from his colony, by way of praiſing the

prudence of his adminiſtration, his juſtice, valour benevolence, and———

Cape. I am ſorry 'tis impoſſible for me now to miſunderſtand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwiſe, this wou'd prove our laſt interview.——Your friend, Sir, has been a little miſtaken, in recommending me as a perſon fit for your purpoſe. Letters have been always my paſſion, and, indeed are now my profeſſion; but tho' I am the ſervant of the public, I am not the proſtitute of particulars: As my pen has never been ting'd with gall, to gratify popular reſentment, or private pique, ſo it ſhall never ſacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impoſe falſhood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great, but let thoſe, Sir, be the heralds of your worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and ſpirit; your manly refuſal gives me more pleaſure than any honours your papers could have procur'd me.

Spri. Now this buſineſs is diſpatch'd, let us return to our own affairs.——You dine at Cadwallader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project, that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time is ſo preſſing, I ſhall be at a loſs to procure performers. Let's ſee——Robin is a ſure card—A principal may eaſily be met with; but where the deuce can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourſelf, Sir; it will give you an opportunity of more cloſely inſpecting the conduct of your ſon.

Gov. True.—Sir, tho' a ſcheme of this ſort may ill ſuit with my character and time of life, yet from a private intereſt I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable———

Spri. Innocent, upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the taſk———

Spri. Moſt happily fitted for it. I ſhou'd not have taken the liberty——But, huſh! he's return'd.

Enter Cadwallader.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckieſt circumſtance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay! hey!

Spri. You ſee that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to Prince Potowowſky.

Cad. Wowſky! Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why, the Tartarian prince, that's come over ambaſſador from the cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His highneſs has juſt ſent me an invitation to dine with him; now every body that dines with a Tartarian lord has a right to carry with him what the Latins call'd his Umbra; in their language it is Jablanouſky.

Cad. Jablanouſky! well?

Spri. Now, if you will go in that capacity, I ſhall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why, wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highneſs?

Spri. With pleaſure.

Cad. My dear friend, I ſhall take it as the greateſt favour, the greateſt obligation——I ſhall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil ſhall I get off with the Poet? You know I have aſk'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occaſion will be apology ſufficient; beſides, there will be the ladies to receive him

Cad. My dear Mr. Cape, I beg ten thouſand pardons, but here your friend is invited to dinner with prince——what the devil is his name?——

Spri. Potowowſky.

Cad. True; now, Sir, ecod, he has been ſo kind as to offer to carry me as his Jablanouſky——wou'd you be ſo good to excuſe——

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! ſtay, but is there any ceremony to be uſed with his highneſs?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, croſs-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, croſs-legg'd! Zounds! that's odd! well, well, you ſhall teach me.

Spri. And his highneſs is particularly pleaſed with thoſe amongſt his gueſts that do honour to his country ſoup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but ſhould not I dreſs?

Spri. No, there's no occaſion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing ſhou'd take me from you but being a Hobblinwiſky. Well, I'll go and ſtudy to ſit croſs-legg'd, till you call me.

Spri. Do ſo.

Cad. His Highneſs Potowowſky! This is the luckieſt accident! [*Exit.*

Cape. Hah! hah! hah! but how will you conduct your enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dreſs up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman ſhall talk a little gibberiſh with him. I'll compoſe a ſoup of ſome nauſeous ingredients; let me alone to manage.—But do you chuſe, Sir, the part we have aſſign'd?

Gov. As it ſeems to be but a harmleſs piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then, let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. Sprightly!

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little ſpruce, a little ſmart upon this occaſion?

Spri. No doubt; dreſs, dreſs, man; no time is to be loſt.

Cape. Well; but Jack, I cannot ſay that at preſent I——

Spri. Pr'ythee explain. What would you ſay?

Cape. Why then, I cannot ſay, that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I underſtand you, is that all? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite aſham'd, and ſorry——

Spri. That's not ſo obliging, George; what! ſorry to give me the greateſt pleaſure that——But I have no time for ſpeeches; I muſt run to get ready my ſoup.—Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you obſerve, Sir?

Gov. Moſt feelingly! But it will ſoon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor proſpect, Robin! But this ſcheme of life at leaſt muſt be changed; for what ſpirit, with the leaſt ſpark of generoſity, can ſupport a life of eternal obligation, and diſagreeable drudgery? Inclination not conſulted, genius cramp'd, and talents miſapply'd!

What proſpect have thoſe authors to be read,
Whoſe daily writings earn their daily bread?

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Young Cape *and* Mrs. Cadwallader *at Cards.*

Mrs. Cad. YOU want four, and I two, and my deal: Now, knave noddy——no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you ſtock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you pleaſe, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—one, two, three; one, two—hang 'em, they won't ſlip—three. Diamonds—the two: Have you higher than the queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's higheſt——and loweſt, by goſh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pſhaw! hang cards; there are other amuſements better ſuited to a *tête-à-tête* than any the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What paſtimes be they?—We ben't enough for hunt the whiſtle, nor blind-man's buff; but I'll call our Bell, and Robin the Butler. Dicky will be here an bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propoſe, where the preſence of a third perſon, eſpecially Mr. Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the ſport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you gueſs?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; queſtions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not abſolutely that——ſome little reſemblance; for I am to requeſt, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daiſey! that's charming. I never play'd at that in all my born days. Come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jeſt or earneſt?

Cape. That is as you pleaſe to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I aſk you queſtions too?

Cape. Doubtleſs.

Mrs. Cad. Why then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my ſoul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your ſayſo?

Cape. Upon my ſayſo.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rareſt paſtime——

Cape. But you have not anſwer'd my queſtion.

Mrs. Cad. Hey? that's true. Why, I believe there's no love loſt.

Cape. So; our game will ſoon be over; I ſhall

be up at a deal. I wiſh I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True; aye; but, zooks, you are too haſty; the pleaſure of this play, like hunting, does not conſiſt in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! How then?

Cape. Why, firſt I am to ſtart you, then run you a little in view, then loſe you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to eſcape me.

You fly o'er hedge and ſtile,
I purſue for many a mile,
You grow tir'd at laſt, and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I ſhall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and ſtart me, that I may come the ſooner to quatting——Huſh! here's ſiſter; what the deuce brought her! Bell will be for learning this game too; but don't you teach her for your life, Mr. Poet.

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new ſack, ſiſter.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have ſtay'd, I think.

Arab. What, you were better engag'd? But don't be angry: I am ſorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! now will I be hang'd if ſhe ben't jealous of Mr. Poet; but I'll liſten, and ſee the end on't, I'm reſolv'd. [*Aſide, and exit.*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too?

Cape. It was a very ſeaſonable one, I promiſe you; had you ſtay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the conſequence.

Arab. No danger to your perſon, I hope?

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly reſiſted.

Cape. Why, conſider, my dear Bell; tho' your ſiſter is a fool, ſhe is a fine woman, and fleſh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! and fleſh is frail! We are grown ſtrangely familiar, I think?

Cape. Heydey! In what corner ſits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may poſſibly blow ſtrong enough to overſet your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but, pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion would be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to——— But to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct———

Arab. Look'e, Mr. Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no occasion——but however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my sister will be back immediately; I suppose my presence will only—— But consider, Sir, I have a brother's honour——

Cape. Which is as safe for me as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet: But surely, Madam, you are a little capricious here; have I done any thing but obey your directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that ———but no matter.

Cape. That what!

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe—— what you was wicked enough to protest———

Cape. That I lov'd you; and what reason have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance!

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that? [*Aside, listning.*

Cape. Surely, if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well! [*Aside.*

Cape. What an idiot! a driveller! No consideration upon earth, but my paying the way to the possession of you, could have prevailed upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs. Cadwallader.

Mrs. Cad. So! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed! Ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a fool as you think for, man. But here will be Dicky presently; he shall hear of your tricks, he shall; I'll let him know what a pretty person he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this.—Had not I better decamp?

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy?

My brother's temper is ſo odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll ſee this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him.—Now we ſhall hear what he'll ſay to you, Madam.

Enter Cadwallader, Governor, Sprightly, *and* Robin.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. Interpreter; between you and I, I like his royal highneſs mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well bred gentleman——but damn his ſoup.

Gov. Why, Sir? You eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey; egad, I would not eat another meſs to be his maſter's prime-miniſter: as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been ſitting theſe two hours, with my legs under me, till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner diſpleas'd you?

Cad. Diſpleas'd! hey! Look'e Mr. Sprightly, I'm mightly obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you ſhall never perſuade me to be a Hobblinwiſky again, if the great cham of the Calmucks were to come over himſelf. Hey! and what a damn'd language he has got? Whee, haw, haw! but you ſpeak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long reſident in the country.

Cad. May be ſo, but he ſeems to ſpeak it better; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't ſound it thro' the noſe ſo well as he. Hey!—Well, Becky, what, and how have your entertain'd Mr. Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings ſince you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the ſtorm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold; what has been the matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why, here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which way?

Mrs. Cad. Why ſome on't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold; egad I believe he's a little mad; this morning he took me for King Turnus, you: now who can tell but this afternoon he may take you for Queen Dido?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and to quat; and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold; catch you!—Mr. Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye ſee, a very un-

friendly thing to make love to Becky in my abſence.

Cape. But, Sir!

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. Cape, to take this advantage, as you know ſhe is but a fooliſh woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay! me, who am but a fooliſh woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor, ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky! And for a man of your parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold; ecod, it is juſt as if the grand ſignior, at the head of his Janiſaries, was to kick a chimney-ſweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you ſay, Dicky; what! be I like a chimney-ſweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck; hey! no; that's only by way of ſimile, to let him ſee I underſtand your tropes and figures as well as himſelf, egad! and therefore——

Spri. Nay, but Mr. Cadwallader!——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. Sprightly; he is the firſt poet I ever had in my houſe, except the bellman for a Chriſtmas-box——

Spri. Good Sir!

Cad. And hold, hold; I am reſolved he ſhall be the laſt.

Spri. I have but one way to ſilence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I muſt tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuſe of your goodneſs, any breach of hoſpitality here, he is anſwerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, ſo he is, ecod! at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monſter! and is this your return for the open, generous treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roaſt fowl and ſauſages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Huſh, Beck, huſh!——

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object but Mr. Cadwallader, a man, perhaps, poſſeſſed of a genius ſuperior to your own——

Cad. If I had had an univerſity education——

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older! Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, Sir, what apology can you make me, who was your paſſport, your ſecurity?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him!

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myſelf, if I had not had the meaſles laſt winter; but ſtay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No, he's ſure of a protection here, the preſence of the ladies.

Cad. Pſhaw! Pox! they belong to the family; never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No excuſe? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no tribulation? It's a ſhame, ſo it is.

Cape. When I have leave to ſpeak——

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you ſay?

Cape. Nay, Sir——

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And firſt to you, Mr. Sprightly, as you ſeem more intereſted; pray does this charge correſpond with any other action of my life ſince I have had the honour to know you?——

Spri. Indeed, I can't ſay that I recollect; but ſtill, as the ſcholiaſts ſay—*Nemo repente turpiſſimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold; what's that?

Spri. Why that is as much as to ſay, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By goſh! and ſo it is.

Cad. Ecod, and ſo it is.—Speak a little more Latin to him—if I had been bred at the univerſity, you ſhould have it both ſides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, Gentlemen.—Now, Sir, to you; you were pleaſed yourſelf to drop a few hints of your lady's weakneſs; might not ſhe take too ſeriouſly what was meant as a mere matter of merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuſe; can any woman be ſuch a fool as not to know when a man has a deſign upon her perſon?

Cad. Anſwer that, Mr. Cape, hey! anſwer that.

Cape. I can only anſwer for the innocency of my own intentions; may not your lady, apprehenſive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of deſtroying the connection——

Spri. Connection!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, connection!

Spri. There's ſomething in that.——

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he

is right——You're right, Mr. Cape—Hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil cou'd you be ſo wicked, hey! child? ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedneſs to attempt to deſtroy the connection?

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you ſay.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary, but you have miſs'd your point; the connection ſhall be only the ſtronger.—My dear friend, I beg ten thouſand pardons; I was too haſty: but ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effaced every other impreſſion.

Cad. There's a good-natur'd creature!

Cape. But if you have the leaſt doubts remaining, this lady, your ſiſter, I believe, will do me the juſtice to own——

Mrs. Cad. Ay, aſk my fellow if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he! Hey! how? what the devil, ſhe did not make love to you too? Stop, hey, hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, fooliſh; but you are always running on with your rigmonrowles, and won't ſtay to hear a body's ſtory out.

Cad. Well, Beck, come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet, then; why, as I was telling you, firſt he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare.

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimſical; a hare! hey! oh, ecod, that might be becauſe he thought you a little hare-brain'd already. Becky, a damn'd good ſtory. Well, Becky, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, ſo I won't.

Cad. Nay; pr'ythee, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your tongue then. And ſo there he was going on with his nonſenſe, and ſo in came our Bell; and ſo——

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky; damn your ſo's: go on, child, but leave out your ſo's; it is a low——hold, hold—vulgar——but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why, how can I go on when you ſtop me every minute? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him; and methought ſhe looked very frumpiſh and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And ſo I went out and liſten'd.

Cad. So; what you ſtaid and liſten'd!

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you upon my ſtaying, ſhe went out; no——upon my going out, ſhe ſtaid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind ſtory; but go on, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. And then at firſt ſhe ſcolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he ſaid as how ſhe adviſed him to it; and then ſhe ſaid, no; and then he ſaid——

Cad. Hold, hold; we ſhall never underſtand all theſe he's and ſhe's; this may all be very true, Beck; but hold, hold; as I hope to be ſav'd, thou art the worſt teller of a ſtory——

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he ſaid as how I was a great fool——

Cad. Not much miſtaken in that. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Cad. And that he would not have ſtay'd with me a minute, but to pave the way to the poſſeſſion of ſhe.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs. Cad. And ſo——That's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get poſſeſſion of you?

Mrs. Cad. Love to me, in order to get ſhe.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to underſtand! Hey, what's this true, Bell?—Hey! hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to ſmoke, hey! Mr. Cape!

Cape. How ſhall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir; I have a reaſon.

Cad. Well, what ſay you, Mr. Cape? Let's have it without equivocation; on, hold, hold, hold, mental reſervation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what! hold, hold; of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, zounds! no; what not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind conſent.

Cad. Hold, hold; what my conſent to marry you?

Cape. Aye, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold—what our Bell to mix the blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet!

Cape. Sir.

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

Spri. But Mr.——

Cad. A ſcribbling—hold, hold, hold—garreteer!

that has no more clothes than backs, no more hats than heads, and no ſhoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but——

Cad. The Offspring of a dunghill! born in a cellar—hold, hold—and living in a garret! A fungus, a muſhroom!

Cape. Sir, my family——

Cad. Your family! hold, hold, hold—Peter, fetch the pedigree—I'll ſhew you. Your family! a little obſcure—hold, hold—I don't believe you ever had a grandfather.——

Enter Peter, *with the Pedigree.*

There it is; there.—Peter, help me to ſtretch it out.—There's ſeven yards more of lineals, beſides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the Herald's Office—D'ye ſee, Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's Welch princes, and ambaſſadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of Parliament: Hold, hold! Ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree—hold, hold—than Kouli Khan would a ſerjeant in the Train'd Bands.

Spri. An amazing deſcent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, louſy, ſon of a ſhoemaker, to talk of families!——Hold, hold, get out of my houſe.

Rob. Now is your time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a ſecret to diſcloſe, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold! How, Mr. Interpreter?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and conſider him as my ſon.

Cape. Your ſon, Sir!

Gov. In a moment, George, the myſteries ſhall be explain'd.

Cad. Your ſon! hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the ſcribbler, the muſhroom you have deſcribed, but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the ſon of an interpreter equal to me. A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts!

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Cad. Stay! Ecod, a runner to monſieurs and marquiſſes!

Spri. You are miſtaken, Sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding! that takes ſillips on the noſe for ſixpence apiece! Hold, hold; ecod, give

me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half a crown.

Gov. Stop when you are well.

Cad. A ſpunger at other men's tables! that has jallop put into his beer, and his face black'd at Chriſtmas for the diverſion of children.

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir, who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr. Cadwallader, nothing cou'd excuſe your behaviour to this gentleman but your miſtaking his perſon.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to——

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell——

Spri. That was a miſtake. This gentleman is the prince's friend; and by long reſidence in the monarch's country is perfect maſter of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. Cape, Sir; a man of unblemiſh'd honour, capital fortune, and late Governor of one of our moſt conſiderable ſettlements.

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you father to——hey!——

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a ſolemn truth. That foreign friend to whom you owe your education was no other than myſelf; I had my reaſons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they ceaſe, and I am proud to own my ſon.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me, [*Kneeling*] but if gratitude, duty filial——

Gov. Riſe, my boy, I have ventur'd far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it more than o'erpays my toil; the reſt of my ſtory ſhall be reſerved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good ſenſible old fellow this; but hark'e, Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here—Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I aſk ten thouſand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to Prince Potowowſky——

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your power ſufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By beſtowing your ſiſter with, I flatter myſelf, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell? Hey! Hold, hold;

—Zounds, Bell, take him, do; 'ecod, he is a good likely——hey? Will you?

Arab. I ſhan't diſobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himſelf; hey! Hold, hold.—Come here then, give me your hands both. [*Joins their hands.*] There, there, the buſineſs is done.—And now, brother Governor—

Gov. And now, brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey, Beck! Here's ſomething now for my pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'e Mr. Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! ay, ay, you ſhall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Sprî. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulations; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your diſintereſted friendſhip, I ſhall be ſorry I ever own'd him.—Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wiſhes full; and, if George remains as untainted by affluence as he has been untempted by diſtreſs, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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